The
COMMONWEAL

VOLUME XLIV April 19, 1946 NUMBER 1

THE WEEK 3
REUTHER AND THE AUTO WORKERS *John C. Cort* 6
MEXICO'S NEXT PRESIDENT *Hensley C. Woodbridge* 9
MAN'S PITY AND HIS PLAY *Jean C. de Menasce* 11
THE STAGE *Kappo Phelan* 14
THE SCREEN *Philip T. Hartung* 15
BOOKS OF THE WEEK 16
Star of the Unborn The Zebra Derby—France, a Short History—Burma Surgeon Returns—Yankee Storekeeper—Gerard Manley Hopkins—Mrs. Palmer's Honey
THE INNER FORUM *Charles Pichon* 22

THE COMMONWEAL *is indexed in the Reader's Guide, Catholic Periodical Index and Catholic Bookman. Founded by the Calvert Associates, Inc., in 1924, with Michael Williams as President and Editor.*

Published weekly and copyrighted 1946 in the U. S. A. by The Commonweal Publishing Co., Inc., 386 Fourth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. AShland 4-9685. Entered as second class matter February 9, 1934 at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. U.S. $5 a year, Canada and Foreign $6. Single copies 15c

Editors: EDWARD SKILLIN, JR.
PHILIP BURNHAM
HARRY LORIN BINSSE, *Managing Editor*; C. G. PAULDING, *Literary Editor*; JOHN C. CORT, *Associate Editor*; JOHN BRUBAKER, *Advertising Manager*.

The UN and Franco

SINCE our editorial statement on the Spanish Civil War in the spring of 1938, THE COMMONWEAL has consistently criticized the actions and the régime of Francisco Franco. (Our reiterated condemnation of the excesses committed by both right and left heartily displeased Nationalist and Loyalist supporters.) Nothing has developed during that bitter war or since to change this adverse view of the Caudillo. That considerable American opinion can be whipped up to support any action against the repressive Franco dictatorship is hardly surprising. Yet the proposal to the Security Council that members of the United Nations break off relations with Franco Spain should be flatly rejected—and for excellent reasons.

Notice that this proposal is about to be brought before the Security Council has been given by Oscar Lange, former American citizen, who represents the "Polish Provisional Government." It is backed by its real instigator, Soviet Russia. France and Mexico are also said to be favorable, reflecting the influence of Spanish refugees across the Rio Grande and the power of the French communists in the French coalition government. So much for its sponsorship and support.

The "basis" for the complaint is that Spain now constitutes a menace to international peace and security. Dr. Lange in his letter to the Secretary General refers to "international friction resulting from the existence and activities of the Franco régime *in Spain*" (italics ours). Elsewhere it is alleged that "fascism is contagious" or that "peace is indivisible." That about covers the whole argument for the Soviets' case in this matter.

On the other hand, the Atlantic Charter, to which the members of the United Nations have explicitly subscribed, forbids intervention "in matters which are essentially within the domestic jurisdiction of any state." Moreover UN has not set itself up to act as a judge of the internal régimes of members or outside nations. It includes the Anglo-American and other political democracies, Latin American republics and dictatorships and the police states of the USSR and Russia's satellites. That the Polish Provisional Government should lodge formal complaint against the Spanish Government for being too repressive is superlatively ironical. It is only less bare-faced than the fact that this complaint against another nation for threatening international peace and security should be inspired by the Soviet Union.

Spaniards generally and all true friends of Spain want to prevent the outbreak of a new Spanish Civil War at all hazards. Yet there are ominous reports of new international brigades training in the Balkans to play leading rôles in just such a war. That certainly ties in nicely with the complaint to the Security Council. For if such heavy diplomatic pressure is correlated with the introduction of armed forces from without, the tragic violence of the Spanish pendulum would again be set in motion. Could the war even be confined to the Iberian Peninsula ?

There are two circumstances under which Spain would indeed constitute a threat to international peace and security: in the event of a new civil war led by foreign armed forces and above all, if the Peninsula were to become a Russian base.

America, the Un-beautiful

IN 1945, the United States of America climaxed a practically unbelievable display of material and organizational power. Nowhere in history anywhere in the world has a community approached the country's war record; none other has even come close to a comparable class of achievement. In massive production and organization and movement the US was peerless.

But now in the spring, look at America and it is clear also beyond dispute that the country is undeveloped; that it needs infinite work done on it; it is ugly. Slow down only a little bit when you drive out on some ordinary superhighway

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and observe the degradation of the towns and countryside. When thinking of the housing program, consider how many homes and other buildings of America you think add to the beauty and safety and convenience and happiness and peace of the people who live here, and how many of them seem deliberately to outrage the most rudimentary standards of civilized looking and living.

All this is overall true in the cities and towns and out in the country up to the zones where there simply isn't anybody around and natural magnificence remains. We have attacked nature; scarred and disfigured it, and have not yet gone on to build a new form in which nature and men come back together in some harmony and the ordinary works of men show common decency.

During these last years, when America was proving her remarkable development of a kind, millions of soldiers and sailors have seen on other islands and continents different kinds of development of the landscape—farms and forests, towns and cities, homes and public buildings—which are so much more intense than ours and represent so much more thought and effort and achievement than ours that this first post-war year should be a good time to look around and see.

The first self-query, of course, is, do we want the country to be handsome and satisfying or are we quite pleased with the expanding-slum type environment? Then, how to work for it and how to pay for it? The two questions are more or less one, and they are public and private questions.

Government planning, and building by public authority have impressive creations to show us and certainly are welcome efforts. TVA, the great bridge and harbor authorities, park systems, the Pennsylvania toll road, the New York parkways, the housing authorities of the depression era, PWA, etc. etc. have done work that helps. Up to a point, indeed, the governmental, the statist answer is an easy one. Without trying to point out here its limitations and its dangers and inadequacies, but only greeting it, in proportion, we will turn personal.

The problem, public and private both, is allocation of expenses. If Okinawa can afford to look like a garden, and Italy to dazzle the world, there is no absolute reason why the Jersey flats have to look like the Jersey flats or South Chicago has to look like that. People in America can have good buildings and lovely land if they wish. The idea would be to shift interest and energies and money from cosmetics and liquor, movies, nightclubs and utter absurdities, stupefying "vacations," fake jewelry, bad books, superchromium autos, snob magazines, and from advertising, *de luxe* packages, cheesey and expensive nonsense of a million varieties, things that hurt you and then disappear, and instead put the investment into civilized wares like a good home and well-tended fields and a beautiful city. Look at the record. Anyone who says Americans so far are trying to develop a civilized and beautiful land hasn't looked around.

New Deal for Argentina

SECRETARY of State Byrnes has issued to the press a statement on our policy toward the Argentine which we heartily welcome. It represents a clear return to the views of Sumner Welles on Latin America and to the views we have repeatedly expressed in THE COMMONWEAL. Not only does it invite the Argentine Republic to join with all the other American republics in a treaty of mutual assistance, but the final drafting of this treaty is to be entrusted to the body which should draft all such instruments, a committee of the board of the Pan American Union. Ever since the Chapultepec meeting, there has been a tendency to act outside the framework of the Pan American Union, and despite elaborate double-talk, there has been a tendency for the United States to act unilaterally, especially on Argentine matters. Mr. Byrnes's announced change in policy can do much to relieve the unquestionable dislike and fear of the United States which had been so effectively nurtured by our recent Braden version of "toughness."

The American Party System

FOR a good many years American political life has from time to time been mildly shaken by rumblings over the inconsistencies in our party system. To citizens of any other nation possessing parliamentary institutions, there is something illogical to the point of absurdity in our application of the same political label to such diverse leaders as Messrs. Rankin, Bilbo, Pepper, Murray and Wagner in the Democratic camp, Taft, Bricker, Stassen and the late Wendell Willkie in the Republican. Why on earth don't we reshuffle the cards, so that a poor, innocent foreigner can come to some conclusion about a politician's views by knowing the party to which he belongs? This same confusion within the two party camps likewise troubles many Americans. And at moments when a clear national leadership seems desirable, such Americans are likely to give vent to their troubled state of mind. That is precisely what Secretary Wallace did a few weeks ago in Washington. Thanks to inadequate press coverage, what he said was generally misinterpreted as a call for an immediate purge of reactionaries from the Democratic Party; actually what Mr. Wallace proposed was that the Democratic ladies he was addressing reflect on the subject of party responsibility, since he felt that for the United States to have a clear national policy, something of this sort would be necessary. He

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

even pointed to the sort of party regularity which has always been the rule in British-type parliaments, such as today operate in Britain, Eire, Canada, Australia and many of the colonies.

When the Republicans recently elected a national chairman who is viewed as being considerably right of center, the followers of the progressives in that party began yowling after the same fashion. Yet, as in the past, such noises seem to make very little impression upon American public sentiment and always produce blood-curdling sounds from those who feel that the threatened reading out of the party is directed against them. What of their personal integrity? What of their God-given right to vote as they think best in the interests of their country?

It is probably true that for a strong, clear, centralized policy, a system of party regularity is a most useful tool. For many years the Republicans had it, and for a few years the New Deal was able to impose it on enough Democrats to secure the needed majorities. Yet it seems to be deeply unsympathetic to the American mind. And probably one reason lies in our instinctive regionalism. We are still enough a federation of sovereign states, as distinguished from a united kingdom, to insist on combining a certain independence with our party system. This becomes clearer when we begin to look into the degree of regularity in state politics, though even here regularity is tempered by deviations. And since so many of the issues in our modern world are not entirely clear issues, truly black-and-white issues, the absence of rigid party responsibility and regularity may account for some of the strength of our political institutions. Certainly the Founding Fathers did everything in their power to prevent the existence in this country of a Government looking across an empty space at a Loyal Opposition—an empty space you had to cross, physically, if you wanted to vote against your party line.

An Empty Tomb

AS NEWTON discovered, it does not matter what it weighs; the hair in the locket (whose was it, the lover's or the loved?) falls into oblivion; they placed this body, so heavy in death, within this marble sarcophagus, and there is no memory of whom the mourners mourned.

The newspapers remember everything there is to remember; they save what can be saved; they provide the atmosphere which slows the falling feather; the New York *Times*, while it can do nothing about private Victorian love affairs or identify Roman corpses turned to dust, does what it can for a Second Century Roman sarcophagus in the Metropolitan Museum.

From the second century to the year 1870 it had *no history*. Then J. Abdo Debbas, a Turk who was American Vice-Consul in Tarsus, discovered it. He was so pleased at being an American official that he presented the sarcophagus to the American Government; that is to say he wrote a letter about it, because the object weighs three tons. The American Government did not want the sarcophagus, but the first president of the Metropolitan Museum wanted it so earnestly that he persuaded Senator Hamilton Fish to persuade the Navy to bring it back in a warship. The Navy brought it to Philadelphia, which was a mistake, and once in America the sarcophagus began to travel. From the Museum's first site, Dodworth's Dancing Academy on Fifth Avenue, it was laboriously moved to the Douglas Mansion in West Fourteenth Street and, in 1879, to the present site of the Metropolitan on upper Fifth Avenue. The *Times* talks about it because it has been moved again, from the Roman Court to the Great Hall—to serve as a coin collection box during the Museum's Jubilee Campaign.

This does not appeal to us as a peculiarly sensitive choice for a coin box, although perhaps the Museum may be making an allusion, as heavy as the sarcophagus, to dimes and nickels for Charon, offering the New York public a chance to pay their ferry passage in advance. And, until the Museum thought of using it for this purpose, it had not been treated with any extraordinary respect. For when the workmen started to move it they lifted the cover and found the sarcophagus filled with cigarette butts.

Happy Aftermath

ONE of the most painful impacts of the depression in the thirties was that upon home mortgages. Not only did many of the lenders lose their investments, but even more borrowers lost their homes, or were seriously threatened with the loss of their homes. All Americans are aware how the New Deal attempted to stabilize this situation through the establishment of the Home Owners' Loan Corporation. At the time it was set up, there were dire prophecies as to the vast sums its operations would cost the taxpayers. It is now approaching liquidation, and its record must be profoundly satisfying to its creators, since, in the words of John H. Fahey, who has been administering it, "When the corporation's affairs are wound up, the Treasury will . . . receive a moderate return on the capital provided." Of course this achievement has been helped by the war boom, and yet this help has been less than one might expect since all but a very small number of foreclosed properties were actually sold before the United States entered the war. In all, HOLC refinanced over a million delinquent mortgages, "which on the average were then in default nearly two years on principal and interest and three years on taxes." Here is a New Deal achievement all Americans can praise.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Reuther and the Auto Workers

A man you can bet on and his union

John C. Cort

IN DETROIT these days they are probably dusting off the old saw, "Why is one Reuther brother like another Reuther brother?"—"I'll bite, why?"—"Because Walter is Victor." If so, there will be others who amend it to read, "Walter is Victor—yes, but and maybe." They will point out that he may have defeated R. J. Thomas for the United Auto Workers' top job, but that both vice-presidents, the powerful secretary-treasurer and nearly two-thirds the voting strength of the executive board belong to what may now be called the anti-Reuther faction. It will be the contention of this article, however, that Walter is still Victor, no yeses, no buts and no maybes. The contention rests on one major proposition framed in the form of a question, to wit: if Reuther, as a lowly second vice-president, could build up the following and the organization to defeat a man as strongly entrenched and supported as Thomas was, what will he not be able to accomplish with all the added power and prestige of the UAW's No. 1 office?

The man, in short, has too much stuff. Unless he blows his own chances, he will probably be president of America's largest and most strategic union as long as he keeps his health. The results will be tremendously important, not only for the UAW, but for the CIO and the whole American labor movement.

Before we consider these results, let us first consider the past and the events of that confused and exciting convention at Atlantic City, certainly the most momentous meeting in the seaside town since the AFL convention that launched the CIO on its stormy voyage through life nearly 11 years ago. The story goes back 38 years to the days when the infant Walter began taking in his father's trade unionism with his mother's milk. He and his three brothers were trained by Reuther senior, a socialist labor leader himself, in the art of debating much as other kids are trained to box or wrestle or identify birds. At 16 he was a skilled tool and die maker, and a few years later was working in a Detroit auto plant and attending classes at Wayne University. Then came the year in Russia, during which he and Victor taught tool-making to Russian workers, studied the Soviet system from the inside and decided they didn't want that kind of socialism.

Back in Detroit, they became pioneers in the formation of the new auto workers' union and were prominent leaders in the great sit-down strikes of 1937. Walter became a UAW vice-president and head of the General Motors division. His fertile mind began turning out "Reuther plans" for conversion of auto plants to war work and plane plants to housing production. Working hard, coming early and staying late, he ate, drank, slept and dreamed trade unionism—and little else. No wonder he got a reputation as a zealot, and a bit of a Boy Scout. And all the time he was building up his own organization, taking over leadership of the UAW's right wing. He may have been a Boy Scout, but if so, he could show plenty of merit badges.

★

At the union convention in 1943 Reuther made his first bid for increased strength in the top control room. He backed Richard T. Leonard for secretary-treasurer against the incumbent, George F. Addes, leader of the left wing, in which the dominant group was the Communist Party. The race was extremely close, and if memory serves, Addes won by about 100 votes out of approximately 6,000. The bid failed, and the Addes faction increased its strength on the executive board so that only by a coalition of the Reuther and Thomas forces was it possible to outvote them. About this time, however, Thomas began to weaken noticeably in his opposition to the left wing. Never a very strong leader anyway—he had become president as a compromise candidate in the Homer Martin episode of 1939—he came more and more to resemble a man balancing on the middle of a see-saw, responding mainly to the weight of others rather than throwing any particular weight of his own. And more and more he responded to weight from the left.

The following year, at the Grand Rapids convention in 1944, things went both well and badly for Walter Reuther. On the debit side he lost the support of Leonard, now the able and popular head of the Ford division, who had ambitions of his own. With the backing of the Addes faction Leonard ran against Walter for the second vice-presidency and was badly beaten. But the split was to plague Reuther in 1946—and perhaps in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

'47. Meanwhile he picked up a few board members and Addes lost all of four. The tide was definitely turning to the right.

In 1945 there was no convention because of the war. But there was the General Motors strike. From being nationally well known the fiery redhead became nationally famous. The strike was terribly long and not completely victorious, but it ended just in time—the week before the convention—and the general results undoubtedly boosted Reuther's stock more than they hurt it. And even before the strike's end the presidents of 17 locals, representing about 300,000 members, had come out publicly with a demand for his election to Thomas's job. The fight was on.

★

The reaction of Thomas to this long-expected challenge was to give way to a kind of panic. Even before the delegates—2,000 of them holding about 9,000 votes—began gathering at the seashore, the big, tobacco-chewing president was accusing his opponent of plotting with David Dubinsky, garment workers' head, to yank the UAW into the AFL, a story which he seems to have lifted verbatim from the *Daily Worker,* which in turn seems to have lifted it verbatim from the whole cloth. The only factual basis provided was the contribution of $92,000 given by Dubinsky's union to the GM strike fund. It is not generally known, incidentally, that because of this charge the latter cancelled a further gift of $144,000. And who can blame them?

Thomas also took a number of wild swings at Reuther's conduct of the GM strike, at one point strangely parroting the attacks of GM itself on the "ability to pay" motif. It was at that point that Reuther himself yielded slightly to panic and replied that Thomas knew that his demand to see GM's books was "just a maneuver" designed to "get the company over a barrel."

In any case, the attacks undoubtedly hurt Thomas, the attacker, more than they damaged the target. It was easy to point out, in particular, that Thomas and all the other members of the strike strategy committee, solidly anti-Reuther, had endorsed every important step taken in the strike.

The convention started, Reuther formally announced his candidacy and for the first few days it almost appeared that it might assume the proportions of a bandwagon. But then Phil Murray, president of the CIO, who enjoys tremendous popularity in the UAW, came to Atlantic City to address the delegates and the bandwagon ground to a halt. He did not actually criticize Reuther, as some feared he might. He even mentioned Reuther favorably. But it was a bare mention. Thomas he praised at length for his work in the World Federation of Trade Unions and at the end unofficially blessed him with the phrase, "that great big guy for whom I have a distinct fondness."

It is interesting to note that when Murray arrived at the convention, Reuther rushed forward to greet him and escorted him down the aisle while his followers raised placards which read: "Murray, Reuther — Capable Leaders." It is also interesting to note that during the Reuther Parade that followed the nomination there were repeated chants of "Throw out the Commies!" But it would be foolish indeed to maintain that it was a clear-cut case of communism vs. trade unionism. That was one of the issues, no doubt about it, but more important was the play of personalities and power. In the Thomas camp, for example, there were certainly many sincere anti-communists who believed that either their own or the union's interest would better be served by his re-election. And there were others who were simply afraid of the intense, slightly socialistic, slightly overbearing, overpowering zeal of Walter Reuther.

The final vote, after some pretty hectic balloting, was 4,444 to 4,320, with the redhead winning by a hair-thin 124 votes, or less than 1½ percent. Thomas almost wept and Reuther, happier than he had been in a long, long time, made fine conciliatory statements, privately to his opponent and publicly to the delegates. He said: "I want to take my place at the side of Phil Murray and help him carry his heavy burden . . ." (This led one sarcastic commentator, by the way, to the remark that "it looked as though the ambitious young man was willing to carry all of it.") The new president also said: "I want now to extend my hand to George Addes . . . and tell him that together we can unite this organization."

But the extended hand did not receive too friendly a reception. At first it was assumed that Thomas would accept Murray's blank check for any job he wanted in the national CIO. And it is significant that Allan Haywood, Murray's right-hand man, pleaded with Thomas not to run for vice-president, which may well indicate that Murray and Co. realize that Reuther is probably in to stay and that there is no reason why they should not work together. Figuring Thomas would not run, Addes is supposed to have agreed with Reuther to divide the two vice-presidencies. If so, this move for unity was blasted when the ousted president, his eye obviously fixed on the next convention, threw his hat back in the ring, even though it meant repudiating his promise to support Leonard on the first ticket. Dick Frankensteen, first vice-president and Thomas supporter, had resigned to run for Congress.

It is noteworthy that Leonard did not withdraw. He ran anyway and received 199 votes,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with 4,472 for Thomas and 3,916 for Melvin Bishop, the Reuther candidate, who made a surprisingly strong showing. For the second vice-presidency the race was closest of all, with the well-known Leonard just barely edging the little-known Reutherite, John Livingston, 4,309 to 4,267. In spite of this convincing demonstration of the rising power of the Reuther faction, in spite of what seemed to be a split with Thomas, in spite of the constant headache he has suffered from the CP's in the negotiations for a new Ford contract, Leonard declared that he was "irrevocably" committed to the Addes-Thomas faction. If ever there was a statement made full in the face of self-interest and common sense, this is it. There is still a possibility, however, that that "irrevocably" may yet be revoked.

In the balloting for members of the executive board the Reuther faction did not increase its strength, which was nine men out of 22 and 36.8 percent of the votes. It should be noted, however, that of the anti-Reutherites only about half are fellow-travelers or otherwise "irrevocably" committed to the opposition. And a shift of only three men would give Reuther a workable majority.

★

So that is the picture as of today. And what of the future? Well, Thomas has as good as said that he would be back in there for another try in September, 1947, about 18 months from now. He has also said, without actually saying so, that between now and then he would mend his fences, throw all his weight in with the Addes faction and hope that together they can recover enough votes to win.

Under such circumstances it will be difficult to blame Reuther if he does everything he legitimately can to consolidate his position. And there is a good deal he can do. He now controls the UAW paper and the educational and research departments plus a large number of organizers and miscellaneous appointments. He will, of course, pick up the support—between 500 and 1,000 votes probably—of all those who just naturally and constitutionally go along with the man in power because they figure the odds are all in favor of his staying in power.

Above all, he has his youth, his enthusiasm, his brains and his ability. It's just plain unfortunate for Thomas and Addes, but God has blessed their opponent with so much energy and so much talent that he can put in a full day's work for the union and then, if necessary, put in a full day's work for the Reuther faction. It's tough to beat such a man. It would be even tougher, of course, if he could spare just a little time from his plans and stratagems and devote it to the difficult business of studying people, of learning how to work with them and even to like them for their own sakes. He might even study up on the power of humility. Not that Reuther is totally inept in these important arts. Let's say only that he seems to have underestimated their importance.

The Detroit ACTU, which remained officially neutral during the fight, has now urged support of the new president and it is most probable that, officially or otherwise, its considerable weight will continue to support him against any form of counter-attack. The ACTU is not alarmed by Reuther's mild socialism, feeling that its own Catholic program will for many years to come appear to most Americans as even more socialistic. The last issue of *The Wage Earner*, ACTU weekly, applauded Reuther's constructive proposals for organizing the white collar field and insuring annual wages through formation of an industry council of capital, labor and public that would take steps to eliminate seasonal lay-offs. This is right down the private alley of Paul Weber, ACTU leader, who has been pounding the table for Murray's industry councils long after Murray himself seems to have forgotten them. And the ACTU is certainly not repelled either by Reuther's straightforward, unequivocal opposition to communism.

It is only a plain statement of fact that the CP's in America hate and fear Walter Reuther more intensely than any other man in the CIO. Naturally, the continued presence of such a man at the head of the CIO's most powerful union is bound to have serious effects within that organization. Right now nobody seems to know what will happen to Thomas's seat on the executive board and his vice-presidency. The question may well produce a battle at the CIO convention next fall. In any case, it is reasonable to expect that Reuther will supply a vigorous shot in the arm to right-wing forces and that increased pressure will be put on Murray to clean out the remaining fellow-travelers in the national office and take an even more firm stand toward the CP's than he has in the past.

Reuther will doubtless serve as a much-needed spokesman for those large and important, though mainly inarticulate, elements who feel that the CIO has everything to lose and nothing to gain from a weak stand toward the left, everything to gain and nothing to lose from a strong stand. These people feel that what prevents the CIO, more than anything else, from taking its rightful place as the dominant wing of the labor movement is the widespread fear among American workers, in and out of its ranks, that the CP's enjoy more than their proper share in its direction. They see a tremendous future for the CIO once this crimson-shrouded ghost is firmly and finally laid to rest. For such a funeral it seems only natural to expect Reuther to turn up as one

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the most active gravediggers. And in so doing he may yet prove to be far more valuable to Phil Murray than was ever Murray's favorite, the vacillating Thomas.

In closing it might be appropriate to point out one or two morals to the story. One, of course, is that a strong dose of anti-communism in a labor leader is neither a handicap, as some believe, nor, as others believe, a substitute for positive quality. Reuther won because he had a constructive program, consistent principles and consummate ability to put them across. It is most significant, in fact, that "program" and "principles" are two of his favorite words. If they remain his favorite words, the chances are good that he will remain the auto workers' favorite president.

Another moral. The UAW has suffered far more than most unions from what is called "factionalism." Reporters love to use the phrase "faction-ridden." And it is perfectly true that the thing has gone too far. After all, there is a limit to the time and energy that should properly be spent on gaining or maintaining power.

Nevertheless, somebody should point out that this faction-ridden union has managed somehow to build itself into the largest body of organized workers in the country; that it has managed to organize not only the auto industry, but the airplane industry as well—and that in a few years; that it has won one of the highest wage-scales in the land and has pioneered in the field of education, publicity, research, legislation, welfare and consumer services. Isn't this rather extraordinary? Isn't this, in fact, an indication that the line between factionalism and democracy may be somewhat difficult to find? And isn't this, above all, a positively overpowering demonstration of the dynamic force that lies within the body, within the technique of democracy? Too many unions, too many governments have grown fat and lazy and corrupt precisely to the degree that they have eliminated factionalism (*alias* opposition) from their ranks.

Let's not go so far as to wish UAW's brand of factionalism on other unions. But we might, to good purpose, wish a healthy portion of the UAW's dynamic democracy, not only on other unions, but on the US Government and many other governments throughout the world.

Mexico's Next President

HENSLEY C. WOODBRIDGE

JULY 7 is the date on which the Mexican people will cast their ballots for a new president, whose term will run from 1946 to 1952. The official government candidate, slated to succeed in direct line Calles, Obregon, Portes Gil, Ortiz Rubio, Rodríguez, Cardenas and Camacho, is Miguel Alemán. He resigned from the Camacho cabinet last June to concentrate on his electoral campaign. Señor Alemán has a number of personable qualities as a candidate. In appearance he is tall and dignified; yet actually he is quite approachable. His speaking ability is not up to that of his less-favored rival for the presidency, Ezekiel Padilla, who is also better known than Alemán in the United States.

Miguel Alemán was born in 1902 in the state of Vera-Cruz. He first studied in Orizaba and later obtained his law degree from the National Mexican University. He has been extremely prominent in the politics of his native state. He was governor of Vera-Cruz from 1936 to 1940, when he resigned his post to manage the campaign of President Camacho. As governor he revised and greatly improved the condition of the state treasury; he began a large road-building program that united Vera-Cruz with Mexico City. Vera Cruz, both the state and the port, became a tourist center of importance. He encouraged the development of public education and health facilities and, in regard to agrarian matters, followed the same general policies as that of the federal government.

Upon election to the presidency Camacho made Alemán minister of the interior in his cabinet. At this time he was only thirty-eight and the youngest member of the Mexican cabinet. In the light of his public service, Alemán is respected for his personal integrity even by his bitterest political opponents. He is said to be a politician of unlimited resources and to have been instrumental in preserving tranquility and national order.

It is perhaps rather significant to note that though Padilla's followers have launched bitter attacks against certain members of the present Camacho government, their chief objections to Alemán have been that he would be imposed on the country by crooked, controlled elections and that he has the support of the small Mexican Communist Party. They have not attacked Alemán personally nor have they made any concentrated attempt to criticize his platform.

Alemán's acceptance address was made before the CTM (the Mexican Confederation of Workers), which is one of the largest groups supporting him. Besides the CTM, he has the support of the majority of Congressmen, state governors and legislatures, the COCM and CPN (farm and labor groups) and practically every farm, labor and revolutionary leftist group in the country. He is the candidate of the official party in Mexico. That party, until recently known as the PRM—Partido Revolucionario Mexicana—has just reorganized as the PRI—Partido Revolucionario Institucional—slightly broadening its

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

base. Alemán's opposition is so loosely organized that his victory seems inevitable.

It is impossible here to discuss in any great detail the things for which his platform stands. While moderate from the Mexican revolutionary point of view, Americans might tend to consider it slightly left-of-center. Besides promising to improve the transportation system in Mexico, to merge the dual telephone lines, to reorganize and put on a firmer basis the financial system of the country, to extend social security to teachers, government workers, and others not yet benefiting by it, to give government help and encouragement to cooperatives, to undertake extensive development of the public health and sanitation methods by training more doctors and nurses, better control over disease, the extension of facilities to take care of drainage, pure water, better child care, the removal of graft and corruption from the administration of justice, his long, well-thought out program deals with many other important matters.

Several times Alemán has referred to his belief in religious freedom and certain elements of the revolutionary press have accused him of being too favorably inclined to the Catholic Church, because he and his followers refused to protest about the recent celebration in honor of the Virgin of Guadalupe, the patron saint of the Americas. In regard to the PRM, his platform declares that "its reorganization ought to convert it into a permanent institute of democratic education for the people in such a way that it will be more than an organization for electoral purposes." There can be little doubt that Alemán sincerely desires a free and democratic election and he has several times stated that if defeated he will be the first to congratulate his opponent.

As for foreign policy, there will be no immediate change in the relations of Mexico either with the United States, the rest of Latin America or with the world. There is great truth in his statement that "Mexico has been the champion of American solidarity" and that "her invariable attitude has been characterized by her fraternal friendship for all the countries of our continent." Concluding his international views, he states: "We consequently insist upon the strengthening of continental solidarity; in the recognition of the economic interdependence of all the peoples of this continent in subjection to the standards of international law, in fraternal relations with all the nations of the world and in respect for the rights and feelings of the other nations, in order to demand equal respect for the rights and sentiments that we ourselves desire and request." It is true that Alemán has dealt but little with his views on foreign affairs, yet he has surrounded himself with extremely brilliant men on the subject, with the result that the liberal, indeed at times more than progressive, foreign policy for which Mexico is justly known will be continued.

He further promises government aid in the development of much-needed educational facilities, declaring that the "school is among the dearest aspirations of the Mexican people" and that "the economic liberation of the farmers and inhabitants of rural Mexico was intimately bound together with the spiritual liberation that only results from the multiplication of schools and their current orientation." He will continue the illiteracy campaign that the Camacho régime began in 1944, as well as the school-building program, better training for the teaching staffs, increased salaries for teachers, the foundation of technical, agricultural and professional institutions. He feels that private schools as long as they stay within the laws governing education should have full liberty. "We recognize that private schools have given the country some great teachers and that the teaching staffs they have deserve the best stimulus on the part of the state in order to maintain their feeling of dignity and economic security." This is a step forward, for many of the Mexican private schools are supported by religious institutions, which only recently have been able to resume their work in the education field.

A large section of the platform discusses in some detail his plans for the industrialization of Mexico, especially in regard to electrification, the mining, textile, oil, chemical, sugar, hennequen and movie industries. Reversing the Mexican policy of recent decades, Alemán sees no objection to allowing "foreign capital that desires to link itself to the destinies of Mexico from enjoying freely its legitimate utilities," though he does feel that the control and ownership of national resources should remain in the hands of Mexican citizens. He feels that the state should support national industries, but not in such a way as to create monopolies.

As for Mexican labor, Alemán would continue the labor and agrarian policies of the revolutionary governments that have preceded him. He has declared himself very strongly for allowing Mexican women to participate in state affairs by giving them the right to vote; he would continue conscription and he desires to see greater local democracy in the running of municipal governmental affairs.

A study of the platform and his speeches would clearly show that he has thought out his program not only on a national scale, but that he and his advisers have attempted in this campaign to show clearly how it will affect the individual states. One may make the criticism that he is promising too much, yet his campaign has to date been a clear and constructive one.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Man's Pity and His Play

Dancing, the movies, a *siesta* —the blind and the dying

Jean C. de Menasce

I AM NOT in the least concerned either with intrinsically immoral amusements or with those which become evil through abuse and excess. A man sins when he harms others or himself whether he does so to pass the time or, so to speak, professionally. That is all there is to say.

It is obvious also that any human activity in or out of work hours becomes evil when no longer subjected to the requirements of reason, friendship and charity. To eat or pray too much, to dance or work too much, is bad. There is a law, of measure; it applies to all we do; it is only in charity that excess does not burn itself out. Hence vigilance is needed lest we run wild.

Actually the fascination of work seems to have created more havoc than the fascination of pleasure. And if one were to look at the statistics—or invent them—I should not be surprised if there were many more people rendered stupefied and empty through overwork than through dancing too long and too late. Those who refused Christ's invitation to the wedding banquet were extremely serious people; they had the best, the most serious reasons to explain their absence.

But what of those amusements which appear at first sight harmless and leave plenty of room in our schedule for the other activities demanded by our nature and our vocation? In a man amusing himself is there not always frivolity and a carelessness out of place in this life of combat? Have we the right to be amused—to amuse ourselves—while we advance so swiftly toward death—like a train with eternity depending on a missed signal? Have we any right to be amused—to amuse ourselves—when we belong to that family of mankind into which suffering seems to have been admitted as a permanent companion? Has a Christian the right to be amused—to amuse himself—when he knows that Christ's Passion is not something that once happened, and for which he has a sort of archeological pity, but something that is eternally in the present pushing out its foliage, with the young spring blossoms and then the fruit?

It is so hot in the sun. Without sinning against love, could we have left Calvary toward three in the afternoon for a siesta? And today with Christ exhausted in the factory, agonizing in the hospital, humiliated, disfigured and present in the boy peddling in the black market of Naples or Rome, can one go off to the Barberini for a film, or on the terrace, with Rome turning violet and rose and the sun setting over the Campagna, stretch in a deck chair and enjoy the cool of the evening?

Is not every amusement in itself an obstacle to charity since in order to amuse ourselves we must hold certain people apart from us? Who can enjoy his food—the cool wine, the orchestra behind the potted palms—if a starving man watches him? We meet Breughel's procession of the blind, and we feel a certain embarrassment at letting our delighted gaze rest on the calm lines of his landscape; in the presence of a woman exhausted and harassed by her children and who does not know which way to turn—from the stove to the washing; there is the whooping-cough and the measles—we feel slightly guilty if we sit there reading a book. And even sometimes when we feel the consolations of the spiritual life we ask ourselves if this also is not a luxury, since it cannot be shared with those who are crushed and stupefied by the exhausting work of the factories or of the farm or by an impossible existence in the slums.

Hide from us the old, old men, the poor, the crippled, the dying and the friendless. If reality entered into our life our joy would collapse like a house of cards.

More subtly Pascal thinks that it is not because we are obtuse, but because we see only too clearly, that we are driven to seek distraction. It is to flee ourselves, to flee man's fate, to flee our brothers who surround and besiege us, to flee God Who grants us no respite, that we must find amusement, that we must find something to keep us busy; and so we go hunting or we play some game with a ball, or we go to war or to the office in harried pursuit of everything and anything. We do not cling to these trifles (measured by eternity) with a child's simplicity but with the uneasy conscience of one who seeks an alibi and attempts an evasion. In this sense all amusements become a metaphysical trick to deceive our anguish; amusements disengage that fearful, devouring complex of gears which binds us to God's love and to our neighbor's love. "Look at this man emptied and broken, who has lost his wife and his only son—and he is engaged also in this

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

great quarrel which torments him. Look at him! At this moment his pain and torment are gone. He is not sad. How is this possible? Nothing surprising; he is held in that instant of expectation when the racket across the court has hit the ball and he shifts to receive it."

"And look at this other personage. A man born to know all the world, trained to weigh and measure all things that may serve him to rule the state—look at him there in the woods absorbed in pursuing a hare. . . . Without their amusements, without war, without business, unless they danced, men would see themselves, they would reflect upon what they are, from whence they come and where they are going; and so they have to keep immensely busy, they have to look this way and that, lest they see . . . how hollow man's heart, how filled with refuse."

And so it is that some people amuse themselves because they do not see, because they live closed up in a sort of innocent and almost animal selfishness. But others amuse themselves because for one instant they have seen God's love and because though willing to give their tunic, they refuse it in order not to have to give afterward the rest of their garments and even their life. They are afraid. They are afraid of the inexorable demands that being a saint would make of them.

They are like that child who refused to start his first lesson in arithmetic — in spite of his mother's threats, punishments and entreaties— because he had looked at the end of the book and had been terrified by the last chapter: "And if I start today, one day we will get to the end of the book and you will be trying to make me learn all that."

With disconcerting narrowness and bitter dogmatism, Pascal seems to have seen in all human activities—all that is luxury, play, labor, imagination, freedom, knowledge and creation—no more than a trick, a trick to escape God. In this pessimistic and inhuman perspective he ends by distorting everything. He ends even by preferring the error which appeases to the search for truth: "For man's principal disease is his restless curiosity for things which he cannot know; and it is less harmful for him to remain in error than live in useless curiosity."

One has the impression that Pascal prefers this dramatic retreat into oneself to the quiet joy that comes to a man who forgets himself entirely in any work that is well done. And if few people, probably, would be inclined to follow Pascal when he makes the activities of science or of labor into a kind of dangerous and useless game, I fear that many would yield him the arts.

★

I refuse to classify art among amusements. The artist is not amusing himself when he is creating; who can measure his patience, his labor, his heroism, his purity, and his renouncement of self; his magnanimity toward the vulture which feeds on his own Promethean liver. Even great financial speculators, great ruffian captains, totally ignore the doubts which threaten them as they advance on their uncharted courses. The precarious balance that the artist attempts, the impossible marriages that he effects, the relentless and deep exploration to find truth and simplicity beneath accumulated layers of imitation and facility; the exacting tension, the audacity, the loyalty so rarely paralleled in other activities—an artist's work costs him all this, and also the tearing and the wrack of childbirth, all this and also the renunciation and agony of death.

And if we wish to follow him in this creation of beauty, we are obliged to subject ourselves also to this rigorous régime. To hear a Stravinski symphony, to understand a Rouault painting is not relaxation and rest.

Wherever a work of art has been, man no longer retains the same dimensions; and who would call this stretching on the wrack a pleasant sport? New depths are opened in us by Dostoievsky, a new demand for light and clearness is awakened by Bach; new springs of compassion and tenderness by Beethoven. When a great artist has seen, we see what we had never seen before; and after he has heard, we hear what we had never heard before. And it is not only men, but all the trees, all the flowers, all light and all shade which are changed. And if we find it possible to find almost repose, sometimes, and pleasure, in a work of art, that is because we have acquired a certain ease and we are able to stroll on the heights to which our fathers could only reach with the greatest difficulty.

But this sense of elation, recreation and renewal that man feels through contact with a work of art, is due to something deeper than to reflected contact with the spiritual strength of the creative artist. In the furnace of his work the artist condenses being and beauty; he gives a new density to the real, places our soul in true and transforming contact with the joyful superabundance of being. This contact purifies the soul of fatigue and the accumulation of ancient distress. It purifies the soul and cleans it. The soul, then, is like a field drained of its marshes and stagnant waters. A new uprightness, a new strength comes into existence in the deepest hidden regions of our sensitiveness and our unconsciousness.

And the quiet possession of this joy in the true and in the beautiful comes to man even in this crumbling and ruined world. It is not that I claim for the artist and his customers any kind of ivory tower; it is not any over-refined selfishness to permit him to taste and feel intoxication.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The human person held in the community of men—how inexorably—nevertheless stands out single and individualized. Yet it is in beauty and truth only that man has his right to solitude, for it is through a "singularis assecutio" that each one of us frees himself from the Maya of ugliness, banality, repetition and error, and reaches the shores of the true and the beautiful. And when we reach our goal our joy is an entirely personal joy since for so long we have had no traveling companion.

But the question is not only that of our relationship with the mass of our brothers. Where have I placed God when I am drowned in the "splendor of being"? No doubt theoretically one demonstrates that the soul rises step by step on a platonic ladder from created beauty to Uncreated Beauty, yet if one leave this theoretical plane, one discovers that love of the beautiful devours certain persons who remain bewitched and fascinated. Man is caught in the trap of beauty as a lark by the snare of the mirror. Is there not in the work of art, more than in any other trifle, a spell which turns us away from God? "You have lost wisdom in beauty," says God to Satan. Yet I should not be surprised if God found more ungratefulness in him who disdains the gift and limits his gratitude to some formula, to some polite acknowledgment, than in him who, even if he says no word of thanks, remains humble, happy, gently overwhelmed by the gift, completely filled with beauty and gentle in heart.

★

To return now to amusement and its place in our life. Must we consider it a strict moral obligation to make the effort to tear ourselves systematically away from any pleasure whether it be careless amusement—or a trick to escape, as Pascal considered it to be? I think that rather than attempt these multiple withdrawals our first duty is to make certain forms of amusement almost impossible, because of the way we have chosen to live. Our duty is to organize our life in such fashion that we do not raise any uncrossable barrier between ourselves and our brothers; our life must be simple, poor, sober and laborious; we must keep ourselves widely open to the social responsibilities of our community and of our Church, not close ourselves in an ivory tower—or in a residential district from which an inhuman urbanism has carefully raked away all beggars and drunks. Yet even when I have carefully held myself close to the society of my brothers and to that divine society of which I have become a member, the fact remains that my horizon is limited by my capacity for feeling.

My sensitiveness is not this special radio permitting me to hear all the death rattles, all the cries for help, all the prayers and all the curses of the earth; it is not always tuned to the sending posts of suffering; I come miserably out of this sickroom, and then I see this flower, I hear this fugue. Must I refuse these joys?

I am capable of pity when a physical presence upsets me, but the waters of indifference close so swiftly, showing not the faintest ripple, when another's misfortune is no longer before my eyes. Must I seek to extend by an effort of will the influence of that presence? Must I force myself, meditate, recall that presence, recreate it in imagination, whip up my own sensitiveness? No. In that, I believe, is a temptation. Charity alone permits us to say fearlessly with Saint Paul: "I wish to be damned for my brothers." Nothing could be more dangerous than to drive ourselves by will power, reasoning or imagination to that total deathlike renunciation which charity alone can effect. Nothing would be more fallacious than to try to step with a longer stride than that of grace, and to go beyond our organic limitations. It is the generous soul, rather than the humble or the wise, that presumes to enter Gethsemane.

When the presence of grace or the physical presence of suffering come of themselves to throw ashes upon our pleasures, we must accept; but let us not yield to pride by attempting the impossible—to be present everywhere like God. He who would be an angel becomes a beast; he who attempts through his own sensitivity to attain universal pity tears himself apart, reaches despair and sinks into a Nirvana of the damned.

To accept one's limitations to live without kicking over the traces of our material and animal nature, to pause for breath and to find one's balance, comprise the first justification for amusement given by Saint Thomas. To amuse ourselves, to live in fancy, to make jokes, to find distractions and physical and spiritual moments of repose, is as necessary to man's balance as eating, drinking, sleeping, dreaming, and taking a walk.

Saint Thomas, with customary simplicity and depth, solves this tragic dilemma between the laws of our nature (and the apparent demands of charity) and Christian seriousness in which Pascal seems to hold us. Saint Thomas thinks that our amusements are not only necessary for our physical and spiritual metabolism but that they serve also, and especially, to maintain and strengthen human friendship. We do not amuse ourselves merely through frivolity, or innocence, or through unacknowledged fear of God's demands; we amuse ourselves also, because of a Christian feeling for others, and in order to do so we have need of a special virtue—with a wonderful technical name, "Eutrapelia"—the grace to play, the grace to laugh.

The man whose austerity is painful to his neighbors is not a saint; he is a man who has failed his brothers. . . .

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Stage & Screen

He Who Gets Slapped

THERE is no question that any production of Andreyev's puzzling play must be a director's job. The piece is so meshed with themes, semi-themes, hints and omissions, the fact of the circus scene and its people seems so easily to indicate an intriguing system of symbolism, that it is clear in the reading of it that one overall mind must operate in the staging in order somehow to stress and cut to a point of view. Tyrone Guthrie, the noted young English director, has performed this service for the Theater Guild's present revival, and I find I must honestly conclude, after watching his careful elaborate work, that the play develops more as a trap than a drama, and one almost entirely sprung from camouflage. The fable, as undoubtedly everyone knows by this time, concerns a well-to-do gentleman (a celebrated writer, it transpires eventually, although unclearly) who joins a small French circus, becoming the Clown-Who-Gets-Slapped. Falling in love with the pure young equestrienne, who is about to be sold by her pseudo-father to a notorious nobleman as his wife, "He" (or "Funny" as he is called in this Judith Guthrie version) kills her and himself in order to possess her in a kind of pantheistic afterworld which he has been steadily and rhetorically describing to her throughout the story. It is true no bald synopsis can do justice to a work as jammed and elastic as this, but it seems to me that the crux of the confusion lies in Andreyev's misplacement, rather than misuse, of an heroic irony. Having deviously created a real-life clown, that is, a man forced into clownhood by the circumstances of his life; having then placed this man in a circus—that is, where his clowning must be professional rather than real—the author does not sufficiently point the differences between the two conditions and the hero's failure to distinguish the differences. Moreover, and most importantly, he allows the one moment in which this appealing, even adorable figure becomes human to occur exactly at the final curtain when, in an obscure and necessarily scattered speech of some three lines, he admits to the most sordid motives for a crime with which we have been almost wholly in sympathy up to that moment. At such a moment, and in such a little space, I think it is a bit too much to expect any actor to be able to comedy a tragedy. While it is more than possible to concede Gregory Zilboorg's statements concerning the author's historical pessimism, unfortunately the profundity of his feeling seems somewhat too lightly worked in this particular piece—to everyone's loss.

In the present production Mr. Guthrie has relied more on childish rather than grotesque qualities in the carnival folk. The ominous atmosphere, very definitely present in the book, is somewhat diffused by there being a large crowd of supers almost always in progress, and a great deal of extra business. One gets the safe feeling that nothing sinister can really happen with so many people about. Then too, all the extra-curricular doings do sometimes smother important lines, although it is fair to state that this method, with the principals sufficiently lit and placed, playing against a background of cavorting and wheeling shadows, is, when it works, entirely symphonic and exciting. I do think the casting stumbled twice: Stella Adler, in the rôle of the Lion Tamer, appeared, I felt, rather too overtly voluptuous for one to be able visually to believe in her frustrations; and the vital part of the Gentleman From The Past was so startlingly overplayed by Tom Rutherford that all possible understanding was lost in astonishment. I thought Susan Douglas's Consuela moving; Dennis King, in the impossible lead, as impressive as always. John Abbott's Mancini, perhaps the roundest character, again accented the childish line to the part's detriment, I think. A most consistent delicate job, still this Count is always a toddler, his sword-cane wavers in the air. But his history, particularly in regard to his sham-child, is surely more clever than that. The Motley costumes and set stressed foreignness rather than any familiar circus gear. It would be my contention that the rising sun on the seat of the cockney clown's pants should really "rise and shine" rather than being stitched in elegant gilt. For the sake of the cues, if nothing else. (*At the Booth.*)

St. Louis Woman

SAVING only its long length (it seems to me the story could have been picked up somewhat later in its development) I think Edward Gross's presentation of this Arna Bontemps-Countee Cullen musical play ranks near the top. And it is pictorially the most delighting business on the street. Lemuel Ayers's mountings, and particularly his graceful costumes—each an especial splash of color and yet all fitting in—are alone worth the tickets. The book does seem a little rigmarole: concerning one Little Augie, a lucky jockey, who gets the woman of his choice only to have her erstwhile man shot on his threshold exactly in time to deliver a dying hex on the little man's racing ability, all of which takes still another act to solve and end happily. However, the playing is all joyous, and a wonderful cake-walk, closing the first act, cannot be adequately described. Oddly enough, although the competition here is designed to be divided between the twirling Nicholas Brothers, it is an obscure extra girl (Enid Williams, I think) whose diminutive stepping took the house—if not the cake. My only criticism will be that, as tuneful as is Harold Arlen's music, both it and Johnny Mercer's lyrics seemed to depend upon a kind of Anglo-Saxon sophistication rather than any true feeling for American Southern. As Mr. Mercer is one of the best verse-men in the business and as his classic "Accentuate the Positive" certainly does not display this division, the fallacy seems hard to trace. Nevertheless the thing is spotted with hits, and two of the more cosmopolitan numbers, "Legalize My Name" and "A Woman's Prerogative," amazingly styled by Pearl Bailey, stop the show. Harold Nicholas in the lead, Ruby Hill in the title rôle, Rex Ingram as the Bad Man are all fine. Direction by Mamoulian. (*At the Martin Beck.*)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Carmen Jones

AS Mr. Rose's offering of his now renowned Bizet-Hammerstein operetta at the City Center is only for three weeks, and as my tickets do not fit this week's deadline, I think it is only important here to note that the show is an intriguing one, the cast the original, and elsewhere reports say the performance as excellent as ever. (*At the City Center.*)

Note:

FOR THE interested: at the invitation of the young energetic repertory, Theater Incorporated, the Old Vic Theater Company of London will be performing here at the Century Theater from May 6 to June 15. The program includes the two parts of Shakespeare's "Henry IV," Chekhov's "Uncle Vanya," Sheridan's "The Critic" and the Sophocles-Yeats "Oedipus." As the reputation of this famous acting company has preceded its arrival by a good many years, I imagine tickets will not be too easy to obtain and should be spoken for at once. (*At the Century.*) KAPPO PHELAN.

Fun Is Where You Find It

HUMOR is no easy thing to recommend, for one man's chuckle is another man's scowl. My heartiest laughs this week came from the new Danny Kaye film. But I am a Kaye fan; if you're not you'd better approach *"The Kid From Brooklyn"* with caution. I must say, however, that this is the best of the three Kaye movies; Producer Samuel Goldwyn and staff went out of their way to make a good all-around musical comedy. Its mood is set at once in the opening scene at the Sunflower Dairy where the gorgeous Goldwyn girls in abbreviated milkmaid costumes sing and dance a zany satire on advertising (and, incidentally, on production numbers in movies). After the song's delightful chorus about "super cuds" (sung to the radio jungle) I was warmed up to laugh at anything. And there is plenty to laugh at. Danny Kaye, as a milkman not doing too well on his beat and mistaken for a prizefighter when he's given credit for knocking out the welterweight champ, plays his rôle with a naïve propriety that's a joy to watch. His subsequent training in the ring, his rise to an exalted position, and his swelled head, along with a few bruises, are portrayed with hilarious tongue-in-cheek humor. Kaye is assisted by a good cast including Walter Abel as his unscrupulous manager, Lionel Stander as his annoyed trainer, and Eve Arden who has the picture's best lines and gets *everything* out of them. There are also a couple of very lovely girls who show up to good advantage in the film's superior technicolor and the photography of Gregg Toland: Virginia Mayo as Danny's special friend who sings, and Vera-Ellen as Danny's sister whose dancing is a treat. Director Norman McLeod has given the whole piece an appropriate fast-moving pace and has wisely devoted plenty of footage to the picture's many good song-and-dance acts. If the plot seems familiar, you may recall seeing Harold Lloyd in the same story when it was called "The Milky Way." This does not detract from the fun. It is difficult to give due applause to the writers of this bright screenplay

B. ALTMAN & CO.
FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK

Altman's
majors in music

fine religious recordings

for your record library

Ave Maria . . . Andre Kostelanetz and his orchestra recording the Ave Marias, by Bach and by Schubert, for Columbia; 12-in. record, 1.05

Ave Maria by Schubert . . . sung by Marian Anderson; a Victor recording, 12-in., 1.05

Gregorian Chants . . . recordings by the Benedictine Monks Choir of Saint Benoit-du-Lac . . . six 10-in. records, 5.25

Gregorian Requiem Mass . . . by the same choir, four 12-in. records, 7.35

would you like to be placed on our mailing list to receive new record releases periodically? Simply send your name and address to the Altman music shop, fifth floor.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

because so many are involved (original play, adaptation, script, etc.) that the long credit list sounds like that parody called "Lobby Song" which Kaye sang in "Up in Arms." He sings only one of those rapid, garbled-word numbers in "The Kid," but it is done in his best and inimitable style. "Pavlova," by Sylvia Fine and Max Liebman, has just enough intelligible words among its nonsense syllables to keep audiences howling with glee. And Kaye's gestures and intonations are perfect whether he's irreverently kidding the Dying Swan or Martha Graham and her six little crackers.

Jimmy Durante is another of my favorite comedians, and I'm glad to report that in *"Two Sisters from Boston"* he has a fat rôle and good opportunity to carry on with his particular brand of clowning. I liked him best when he was trying to teach sedate June Allyson how to put over a rowdy song in his Bowery beer hall. No one can register exasperation better than Durante; he wins your heart when he turns from June (whose efforts at being unrefined are not successful) and shouts to the giggling chorus girls: "If youse had an education, you wouldn't do no better." Although the film, produced by Joe Pasternak and directed by Henry Koster, is on the whole too long, it has a certain charm and many pleasant moments. At the turn of the century, two well-bred sisters come to New York, one (Kathryn Grayson) hoping to sing at the Met., the other (Allyson) to look after her. Before Kathryn gets her desire she sings very nicely with Lauritz Melchior who also sings even more nicely by himself. And before June gets her desire (a genteel young man played by Peter Lawford) she substitutes for her sister at Durante's beer joint. The picture kids the gentle, early-1900 manners with many jovial touches, but is at its funniest in the horseplay of Durante.

For those who like corn, *"Breakfast in Hollywood"* serves it in large dishfuls, and who am I to sneer at its homely humor? Tom Breneman, who runs the radio program of the same name, is very much the boss-man of the movie which is supposedly portraying one typical day in the life of Breneman, his program and his audience. A lot of characters are involved in this busy day, some played by well-known Hollywood folk: Billie Burke as a wife unhappy about her philandering husband; Zasu Pitts as a flighty old maid whose greatest wish is to have Mr. Breneman try on her silly hat; Beulah Bondi as a very old widow, a female "last leaf"; Bonita Granville as a young girl who was just jilted but can be persuaded to take on a new boy friend (Edward Ryan) whom she meets at this early morning show. In fact all these people and a great many others are in Breneman's enthusiastic audience. They laugh at Tom's antics, enjoy the singing of Andy Russell and the musical monkeyshines of Spike Jones and His City Slickers. Then the sentimental story follows their day's events in which Mr. Breneman pops in and out like a fairy godmother. Since twelve million people (the number who daily listen to and love this program) can't be wrong, it must be I who am out of step.

"Ziegfeld Follies," a superproduction in technicolor with an all-star cast, could be the answer to moviegoers who have been wishing that the stupid plots of film musicals would be dropped entirely. This picture opens with shots of Ziegfeld (William Powell) in heaven longing to produce one more "Follies." He gets his wish and the result is a series of disconnected acts whose entertainment value depends on what one likes. I found most of the proceedings rather tiresome and lacking the real Ziegfeld spontaneity. There are endless production numbers with beautiful girls; songs sung by Lena Horne, Kathryn Grayson, James Melton, Marion Bell; comedy skits with Red Skelton, Victor Moore and Edward Arnold, Fanny Brice and Hume Cronyn; there is even an underwater ballet with Esther Williams. I came to life at various intervals during the revue and greatly enjoyed a few of the sequences: Keenan Wynn's tussle with the telephone, Lucille Bremer and Fred Astaire doing two stunning dance numbers, Astaire and Gene Kelly dancing and kidding their way through "The Babbitt and the Bromide" piece by the Gershwins, and one delicious satire sung and acted by Judy Garland while impersonating an actress giving an interview. For my money, the plotless revue is not for cinema. I still prefer "The Kid from Brooklyn," "State Fair," "Meet Me in St. Louis," "Anchors Aweigh."

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Books of the Week

Star of the Unborn. Franz Werfel. Viking. $3.00.

THIS is a truly tragic book. The late Mr. Werfel was a considerable writer, and two at least of his books: "The Forty Days of Musa Dagh" and "The Song of Bernadette," are alive, and will remain so. But this monumental blunder is unformed, avorted. It was written, the jacket informs, between a heart attack and the doom which it announced. It has all the grotesque gaucheries, the undignified, inchoate, aimless urgency of helpless revolt, of a flock of sheep that has smelt the blood nearing the slaughter house. It sometimes suggests the unseemly antics of a decapitated hen. What it never conveys, for all the truisms it bleats, is that serene confidence which is the highest triumph of mankind over itself: "Tao gives me this form, this toil in manhood, this repose in old age, this rest in death. And surely that which is such a kind arbiter of my life is the best arbiter of my death." So Chuang-Tzu, in 400 B.C.

Here are six hundred and fifty pages, supposedly the autobiographical experience of FW himself, resuscitated millenia hence. The world into which he wakes, summoned as a spirit to amuse a bridal couple, is war-less, anger-less, almost noiseless. Copulation and corruption, assimilation and elimination, have been whittled down until they approximate the mental images by which live the Astromental human beings of this era. During FW's stay he avails himself of the local methods of transportation, "Keenly Directed Desire," and a travel-puzzle which brings one's destination toward one, as readily as vice-versa. He visits Mars and Jupiter, renamed after the Apostles. He also enters an atom. He meets the rulers of this unified world, the Georchon, the Grand Bishop (for the Catholic Church has survived as well as have the Jews) the teachers in the Djebel (an artificial mountain where learning is a way of life) and the Jungle, where recidivists go, who still sit (Astromental men do

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not use the broken line) and have more than two children, and eat real food. A war breaks out between Mental and Jungle folk, and FW, with his much-reincarnated friend, BH, who remembers the whole sequence between 1943 and the then Eleventh Cosmic Capital Year of Virgo, seek to escape its consequences by a voluntary return to the Unicellular, in the Wintergarden. Here the dead still are pushing up the daisies, but their death is an infinitely pleasant recession to babyhood and to the embryo. But FW retracts, and escapes. Never was any Utopia, any Erewhon, described in such detail. William Morris' pedantic "News from Nowhere" is rollicking farce beside this pompous, pontifical longhand. Pelions of detail are piled on Ossas of description, and every character is saddled with attendant adjectives. The result is less like the Aeneid than Goethe's "Hermann und Dorothea."

Throughout, the narrative is punctuated by pages and pages of very schoolmasterly, hectoring lectures on the evils of the current world (by analogy). Nor is any page free from precious persiflage. "Gentle reader," "yield to the temptation to put a few sentences into the mouth of," "obligation to introduce the hero," are but sentences. Hitler becomes a dimly remembered Heiltier, then Whilter; FW does Comet Calisthenics, and tells his readers it's "God-awful" for a man to try and get away with kissing a girl after 1950 if he was born in the nineteenth century. The heaviest banter in modern fiction weights these pages, and over all hangs a sickly, sweet-and-sour, necrophilous flavor. Not a page but has some references to sleep or death or both. Sometimes these are interesting, sometimes definitely not. The *utilization of sleep for the purpose of increased mental vitality* is italicized—one wonders why? Yet a few lines later is the wholly admirable phrase "an alabaster sleep lay on his features as thin and diaphanous as a layer of present absence." Again, Mr. Werfel speaks of the terror of sleep felt by one who has died—obviously an experienced emotion, remembered from his heart attack. He makes the observation that being moved is the last thing one knows, and "being moved implies a Moved Being." He goes on to explain that there is no absolute death: "There's always something in me, even in the ninth power of the ninth power my non-existence. And how strong that something speaks in me just now." He is clinging onto existence by his eyelashes, with stiffening hands scrabbling against the sides of his coffin. To the Bishop, he details the process of dying: first the drama of loneliness, then the deprivation of images, "for death, as an experience of the soul, is first of all a great fading of images." Primordial dark he says "differs from earthly darkness as human death from genuine non-existence" and he goes on to say that "even a thoroughly experienced dead man is a deserter from life—our shabby instinct of self-preservation extends beyond our factual existence." Yet he really feels the instinct to be, not "shabby" but rather superb.

The point Mr. Werfel is proving, over and over again, is perfectly valid. Whatever the conditions, the premises remain the same. We prove God's existence by our preference for Being to non-Being; in accepting life, we are also accepting love. The Wintergarden is the sum of all evil, because it is the sum of all negation: "for the dead praise Thee not." All these platitudes add up to the aboriginal Jewish position. But the Christian position is modified by the Resurrection: Christ not only came

"Without any doubt 'Open City' is the most extraordinary movie on our screens today!" —*Commonweal*

"OPEN CITY"

"A tremendously powerful production, brilliant, persuasive and unforgettable!" —*Herald Tribune*

8th HIT WEEK!

WORLD, 49th ST. E. OF 7th AVE. • CI. 7-5747 DOORS OPEN 10:30 A.M.

THEATRE GUILD PRODUCTIONS

A New Musical Play
CAROUSEL
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Book & Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, 2d
Directed by ROUBEN MAMOULIAN
Dances by AGNES de MILLE
with John Raitt, Iva Withers, Jean Darling, Eric Mattson, Christine Johnson, Effie Afton
MAJESTIC W. 44th St. Mats. Thurs & Sat.

The Musical Hit
OKLAHOMA!
Based on Lynn Riggs' "Green Grow the Lilacs"
Music by Richard Rodgers — Book & Lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein 2nd — Directed by Rouben Mamoulian—Dances by Agnes de Mille
Harold Keel • Joseph Buloff • Betty Jane Watson • Ruth Weston
St. James Thea. W. 44. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

2ND YEAR. America's Outstanding Play
Eddie DOWLING and Louis J. SINGER present
Laurette TAYLOR and Eddie DOWLING
IN
THE GLASS MENAGERIE
Comedy Drama by TENNESSEE WILLIAMS
PLAYHOUSE. W. 48th Street, Eves. 8:40: Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

"BEAUTIFULLY CAST AND DIRECTED . . . ADULT, ENLIGHTENED, MOVING, THRILLING." —PHELAN, Commonweal.
DEEP ARE THE ROOTS
by ARNAUD d'USSEAU and JAMES GOW
Staged by ELIA KAZAN
FULTON Thea. 46 St. W. of B'way. Evs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"DREAM GIRL is a dream of a play and Betty Field a dream of a girl" —CHAPMAN, *Daily News*
BETTY FIELD
in ELMER RICE'S New Comedy
Dream Girl
with WENDELL COREY • EVELYN VARDEN
CORONET
West 49 St.
Evgs. 8:35
Mat. Wed. & Sat.

"An uproarious delight . . . a solid comedy."—Barnes, Her. Trib.
MAX GORDON *Presents*
BORN YESTERDAY
The New Comedy Hit by GARSON KANIN
LYCEUM THEA. 45th St. E. of B'way. CH. 4-5256.
Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat., 2:40

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to give life, but to give life more abundantly, *mirabilius redemisti.*

As the Astromental folk used their blurred draperies to cover their nakedness, so Mr. Werfel used his really tremendous imagination all his life long to cover his terrified nothingness: the nothing we bring, the nothing we take away. Reading him, one aches for such agony, so wasted and unnecessary since the letters A.U.C. were changed to A.D. Could poor Mr. Werfel but have continued to the end the Ave Maria he began so dramatically, he might have realized that, *sub specie aeternitatis,* "now and in the hour of our death" are instantaneous. Not because there is no death, but because as Maurice Maeterlinck triumphantly shouted in "The Blue Bird" (and Saint Paul before him!): "There are no dead."

ANNE FREMANTLE.

The Zebra Derby. Max Shulman. Doubleday. $2.00.

MAX SHULMAN, author of such raucous books of humor as "Barefoot Boy With Cheek" and "The Feather Merchants," now pounces on the post-war world (American version) as meat for his parody-grinder. In telling the story of Asa Hearthrug, returned soldier who sets out to see just what the planners planned for him (even as far back as 1943 while he was still in training camp), Shulman misses no opportunity to lampoon the clichés found in recent books, movies and other sources including everyday conduct in this world of gadgets and platitudes.

Asa leaves his mother, who was glad to see him even though the allotment checks stopped, and his girl, who waited for him all during the war. He goes to Minneapolis, lives with a rapacious female ex-warworker and her scheming brother. In no time at all, Asa acquires half-baked jobs selling cooky cutters ("made of the new miracle material, Moron, the only plastic containing vitamin A"), lamps—made from surplus war materials, culture-to-the-hinterlands. This last venture has difficulty competing with the book clubs which give so many premiums that customers don't have to *buy* books; they just receive premiums.

Asa goes to Bonanza, a Communist Collective Community, where most of the time is spent with meetings, plays and speeches—and ends with an eviction notice and sheriffs. So Asa joins various veteran societies, gets different colored uniforms from each, and then finds himself with many other men, similarly attired, going in circles at veterans' service bureaus. (See where the book's title comes from?) Getting nowhere, having no pre-war job to go back to, Asa tries college—and learns from his fellow-students the real meaning of frivolity. Furthermore his adviser, Mr. Ivycovered who made a study of veterans before they returned from the war and is convinced that these lawless, violent killers are impatient with academic life, turns Asa over to a female psychologist who also knows all the answers. But Asa, realizing that "it takes a heap o' heapin' to make a heap a heap," knows when he's licked; so he returns to Whistlestop, Minnesota, and finds his girl, Lodestone O'Toole, on the very knoll where he left her when he started on his zebra derby.

Although never subtle, Shulman puts over some of his points very well; and frequently his satire proves amusing. His lapses into burlesque (on a modern play, on *Time* Magazine, on a broadcast by a group of self-centered tycoons) are done with cutting wit. However this young author's lack of taste and his extreme vulgarity shove his book into the ranks of smoking-room jokes. The theme of the veterans' runaround in this post-war era should be covered and could be covered effectively in robust satire. Unfortunately Shulman's method is confused; mainly because he couldn't decide which one of the Miller boys (Joe or Henry) he was parodying.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

France, A Short History. Albert Guérard. Norton. $3.00.

IT WAS inevitable and desirable that Professor Guérard of Stanford University should write this volume, little in bulk, but imposing by reason of its significance and utility. Those of us who have known and enjoyed Mr. Guérard's previous studies in French civilization, "French Prophets of Yesterday," for example, or "Reflections on the Napoleonic Legend," do not need to be told that, among the numerous well-known and competent scholars scattered through our universities at the present moment, he is, probably, the most qualified to write a short history of France. French himself, either by birth, origin or training, he reveals the emotional stimulus emanating from his "second country" every time that he sits down to write a mere book review on some matter of history or comparative literature, in the otherwise often uninspired pages of the New York *Herald Tribune.* At the same time, Mr. Guérard is master of an English style in which there is something very captivating. His profound knowledge of French history and French letters does not prevent him from manipulating a blithe, epigrammatic, sometimes Tacitean prose which makes this particular outline of the story of France a definite pleasure to read.

In his foreword, Mr. Guérard tells us that he has never been a propagandist for any class or party in his native land, certainly a rare advantage from the start, in the case of a French historian and something that can hardly be said of Michelet, Taine, Aulard and Mathiez. "There is no thesis" in his book, but rather two guiding thoughts: that France is a collective achievement, owing as much to the thirteenth century as to the eighteenth; that France and the United States, however much they may differ in national personality, are made to understand each other because founded upon the same principles. I myself believe in the first principle a little more than in the second. The United States and England are also founded on the same principles—political liberalism, Rousseauism (in a degree), distrust of the executive power, and so on, but this does not mean that we are made to understand each other, and there is so much of the Old Régime still left in France that I believe complete understanding to be even more difficult in the case of that country. Neither France nor England have suffered much immigration, whereas, rightly or wrongly, the contemporary United States is, in large part, built up on the "melting-pot" principle, a fact that has made them, for good or evil, something of both perhaps, unique among the nations. Mr. Guérard devotes about 200 pages to the origins of contemporary France, and only one brief section to the France of the two world wars, a scheme which I do not find in the least disproportionate; but it gives me the opportunity to state that the author is severe, though not virulently severe, upon the Vichy régime, and its figurehead, and upon that type of French fascism stemming from Maurras, which, repulsive though it was, deceived so many people of good faith but little experience, even in this country.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

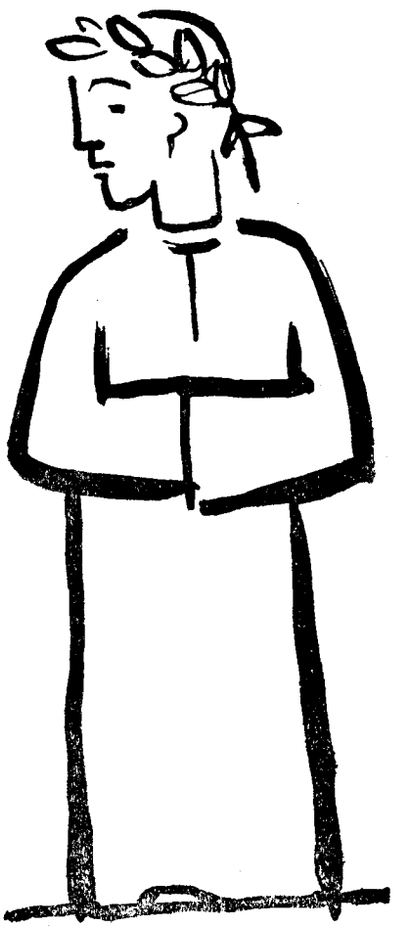
Turning from basic principles to style, there is a temptation to quote as many examples as possible in the author's own words, and anyone who has savoured Mr. Guérard's prose as much as this reviewer will understand that the absence of quotation marks in what follows does not imply much paraphrasing. Governments and wars are a small part of life, and the true poetry of history, as both Green and Michelet pointed out, often lies in the dream of a race, the aspirations of a people. "The only history worthy the name is the history of civilization." If the Capet monarchy in the early middle ages, did not create France, it provided an indispensable center of crystallization. "Feudalism" (but does not Mr. Guérard rather mean chivalry within the feudal framework?) was no longer taken seriously as early as the fourteenth century, Froissart's time, but enjoyed mainly as pageantry. This the historian tacitly admits two pages later on, when he states that the feudal system in France only came to an end when the nobles abandoned their privileges on the night of the fourth of August, 1789. The early middle age, especially the thirteenth century, was indeed a magnificent period, but its reputation has suffered from its friends more than from its detractors during the Renaissance and eighteenth century. The middle ages have been too much the subject-matter of romantic theologians *à la* Chesterton, or romantic poets like Scott. They had their great quality, but were, at the same time, inwardly complex and bewildered, an adolescent age, very cruel, like many adolescents. There is nothing very medieval, in romantic terms, about the character of Joan of Arc, except that, like Aquinas, she placed essentials first, thereby proving herself a supreme realist, and realism, when based on essentials, usually wins the war.

The French religious wars, breaking out midway in the sixteenth century, were a confused and deadly struggle, tragic without grandeur. Guises (for the Catholics) and Henry of Navarre (for the Calvinists) used their respective creeds as cloaks for their own ambitions. Mr. Guérard entitles his chapter on Navarre (Henry IV) "the Healer." Fundamental French sanity, already voiced in the "Essays" of Montaigne, found in Henry its authentic political voice. "His ideal was not a new Jerusalem, but the good life and good living of Rabelais, toned down by adversity." "He and Saint Louis form an oddly assorted pair; they were the two sovereigns who felt the most sympathy for their humblest subjects." Similarly, Mr. Guérard, with some justice, links Joan of Arc and the Committee of Public Safety during the Reign of Terror. "Her mission was a miracle with a pure halo; this was a miracle with a sinister glare; but saint and terrorist sprang from the same earth, and are characters in the same epic drama"—that drama of France which Professor Guérard has recounted so well.

CUTHBERT WRIGHT.

Burma Surgeon Returns. Gordon S. Seagrave, M.D. Norton. $3.00.

DR. SEAGRAVE'S "Burma Surgeon," a best-seller of a few years ago, was the story of how a young Hopkins-graduated medical missionary, whose family for generations had provided Baptist evangelists for Burma, and who himself had been born there, established through years of civilized hard work a model hospital community in the jungle of North Burma, only to see the community destroyed when himself and his photogenic native nurses were swept back into India before the invading Japanese.



VIRGIL

By F. H. B. LETTERS

VIRGIL IS ONE of the great voices of humanity. The music and nobility of his verse could lose its compelling power only if our civilization were to revert to barbarism. Yet, to many people today Virgil is known only by hearsay. It is primarily to meet this need that Mr. Letters' critical study has been written. He makes liberal use of passages from the poet's works, each with an English translation: his study is complete, viewing his subject in the broad light of classical culture, tracing the sources of the poet's inspiration and development and the extent of his influence. But with his primary purpose fulfilled, Mr. Letters proceeds to a searching and intensive study of the poetry itself, in which not only the beginner in Virgil but even the scholar will find much that is illuminating. $2.00

Ready April 24th

From your bookseller, or from

Sheed & Ward, 63 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 3

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"An enormous task, triumphantly accomplished."
—CHICAGO SUN

LIGHT FROM THE ANCIENT PAST

By JACK FINEGAN, Iowa State College

HERE IS the archeological background of the Hebrew and Christian religions. A monumental work which traces the sources of the Bible and of early Christianity through 5,000 years, following the steps of the Patriarchs, Prophets, and Apostles from the first Mesopotamian civilizations to 500 A.D. "A rare accomplishment . . . admirably written, superbly illustrated." —*N. Y. Herald Tribune.*
534 pages of text, 204 illustrations in 112 pages.

At your bookstore, $5.00
PRINCETON University Press

War Surplus Supplies

The CATHOLIC MEDICAL MISSION BOARD is able to secure at remarkably good prices much of this surplus material which will be invaluable to the needy missions. Now is the time to make your contributions doubly effective, by sending us the amount wherewith to secure much needed medicines, and many thousands of instruments and equipment which are in great part new and in excellent condition. Send your contribution to the CATHOLIC MEDICAL MISSION BOARD, 10 West 17 Street, New York 11, N. Y. It will be gratefully acknowledged.

That first story introduced us to a man who combined in himself the lively independence, the unfailing tact and the tireless drive that we are willing to fancy is the heritage of America. It was easy to identify oneself with a hero who, with his troupe of laughing nurses tramping barefoot and ragged over the mountain of defeat, never doubted of ultimate victory.

This is the story of that return. It opens with a jungle advance over the then unfinished Ledo Road where parachuted bundles of supplies seem to have been more difficult to dodge than Jap bullets. Then we note how decently he grouses over the interminable wait for the Myitkyina campaign. Then victory and the triumphal entry into Namkham: the hospital destroyed but the "wedding feast" a promise that all will live happy ever after. "Man never is but always to be blest."

The temperance of criticism one reads between the lines is no less a contribution to our delight in Dr. Seagrave than the boisterous fortitude with which he submits to the leeches so long as the cause demands it. We are happy as he to pick our way among names of places and nurses that it is not easy to remember, for the fire of life shines bright in every chapter.

You will close the book with happy confidence that, now the war's over, it will be many years before the Baptists, the Army on the newsreels again discover this man. EDWARD L. KEYES.

Yankee Storekeeper. R. E. Gould. Whittlesey House. $2.50.

THE MERCHANT in question is a cussed and cussin' Maine man who delights in telling all the answers with a minimum of compromise and a maximum of color. His highly successful career as country general store proprietor, licensed undertaker, Grange raconteur, local politician, and apple barrel skeptic is a remarkable one to be sure for a man to be able to tell in 1946. Readers with any nostalgia in their make-up will savor reading the story just as much as the self-dehydrated Mr. Gould clearly does the writing. Part of the autobiography appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post,* which would like his super-hard-headed individualism, but which has drawing room rules against some of his more salty and peppery phrases and anecdotes and irreverences. R. E. Gould is, of course, a character—and he really is.

Gerard Manley Hopkins. The Kenyon Critics. New Direction. $1.50.

THIS centennial anniversary tribute to Hopkins consists of offerings from *The Kenyon Review* and *Scrutiny.* The essays deal mainly with the complexities, the puzzles: Hopkins's breakdown, for example, and could he have recovered? "Can a saint have an irrecoverable breakdown?" asks Mr. Warren, and Mr. Allers says no. The multiple "mental squints" of the literate English or American Catholic are discussed: no Catholic magazine accepted any poem by Hopkins in his lifetime; since his death he has been enshrined, but not understood. Mr. F. R. Leavis deals with the poet's metaphysical isolation, and Mr. H. M. McLuhan with the analogical mirrors, but there is a certain preciousness in their approach. "A difficult subject, Hopkins" one feels they mutter sideways into their mirrors as they straighten their ties, a trifle smug that they were chosen—or chose—to write of him. The best essay is the briefest, that by Mr. Robert Lowell on Hopkins's sanctity. It takes a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

poet to catch a poet, and Mr. Lowell shows how the essentially dramatic quality in Hopkins came from his being *in act* and this, as the scholastics say, is human perfection.

Mrs. Palmer's Honey. Fannie Cook. Doubleday. $2.50.

"I USED to be Mrs. Palmer's Honey, I took a heap of pride in it but I'm CIO Honey now." This is the text of the winner of the George Washington Carver Award, a story of Ville, a Negro suburb of St. Louis, by an active (white) worker in interracial relations.

It was Defense Work that first took Honey from Mrs. Palmer and sent her back to live with "Big Mama" in Ville with a houseful of brothers and sisters and a baby pool—some "Big Mama's" own, some the fruits of her daughters' extra-marital adventures. Honey retained her loyalty to the Palmers, however, and took the elder members of her family to see the Civic Award presented to Mr. Palmer in the St. Louis auditorium. It ended in tragedy when the heavy asbestos curtain dropped suddenly just as Mr. Palmer stepped forward to speak. No one but Honey had noticed the worthless Snake creeping round backstage, and Honey had no idea of telling the police her suspicions, but that night Honey sharpened a knife herself and went down to the cellar where "Big Mama" had told Snake he might sleep. Honey found Snake already fled away but her Mama and sisters understood that she meant business. Strangely enough the fact that Honey is a potential murderess is not thought worth mentioning again.

From Snake's brother, a PAC organizer, Honey and her sister-in-law and brother learn that in the CIO Negroes are considered equals. The next step in their development is the urge to move out of congested Ville into the nearest white district. Honey's husband, the successful undertaker and proprietor of the Boston Deceasement House, is able to buy a house outside Ville for his brother-in-law and in the ensuing excitement, some real estate men appeal to Mrs. Palmer to reason with Honey against taking possession of the property. Honey is adamant.

"I feel right sorry for anyone," says she, "who has to think, 'This is right, but I'm not going to do it.' Once I got to thinking, 'This is wrong but I got to do it.' My brother's already thought his way past Ville walls. But his body's got to pass too. Lamb he knows how to get along with white folks—but his wife, she's going to be right lonely. She's the onliest one, I reckon, on the whole street who's ever been to College!"

As is usual now with interracial fiction, the bias is generous on the side of the Negroes. Honey is described as "looking both pretty and ladylike, more than most white women could do." I would have liked to give the first George Washington Carver Award a warmer welcome, but Miss Cook's propaganda is so enthusiastic that it stifles the story. It leaves me feeling that the whites who draw "Big Mama" for a neighbor are not undeserving of sympathy.

E. V. R. WYATT.

The Inner Forum

A Successor of Lacordaire's

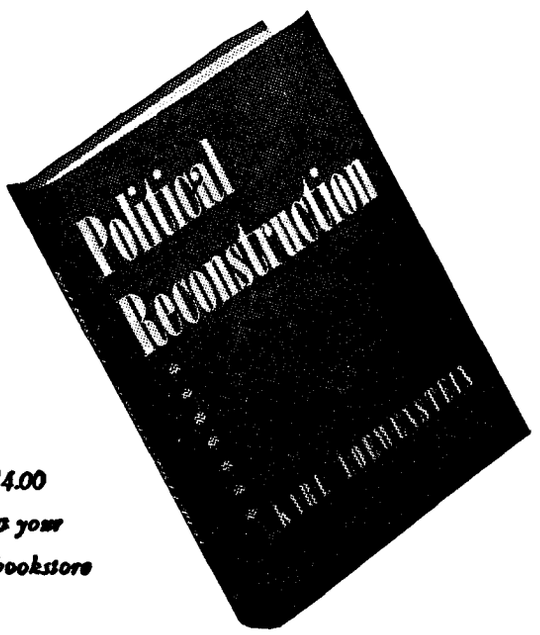
THIS YEAR the traditional series of Lenten sermons at the Cathedral of Notre Dame de Paris is Father Michel Riquet, S.J. Twenty years ago his book, "Her Majesty the Law," created a considerable stir. It de-

Can We Win the Peace?

"THE MAIN THESIS OF THIS BOOK IS UNANSWERABLE..."

"Internal sovereignty must be destroyed," says Dr. Karl Loewenstein in POLITICAL RECONSTRUCTION, "if we are to have a breathing spell of one or two generations, let alone a stable and peaceful world order." In other words, the right of nations to choose their own form of government, enshrined in Article 3 of the Atlantic Charter, must be repudiated. In the *New York Herald Tribune*, H. B. Parkes says that "the main thesis of this book is unanswerable. No world organization can succeed unless it is realized that the establishment of a dictatorship anywhere is a threat to free men everywhere."

To support this revolutionary thesis, Dr. Loewenstein calls upon a wide knowledge of international law and political science. After tracing the history of the doctrine of "internal self-determination," he discusses various forms of government and the effect they may have upon world peace. He then explains the actual machinery (provisional governments, national assemblies, and constitutions) by means of which peoples choose their governments. And in conclusion he proposes a constructive method by which the United Nations may guide the "choices" being made in Europe now, to prevent the rise of new dictatorships.



$4.00 at your bookstore

MACMILLAN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a spiritual journey

for Lent . . .

FROM THE MORNING WATCH

By Lucille Papin Borden

A deep devotional tone pervades Mrs. Borden's book. Guided by a Capuchin friar back into the Holy Land, there pass before her eyes the scenes and people of Our Lord's life, poignant and vivid. Mary, the Apostles, Herod, and Pontius Pilate appear again during the spiritual journey; the joyful scenes of the New Testament pass by, and above all stands out in all its majesty the tragic drama of Our Lord's trial and Passion. $2.50

MACMILLAN, 60 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK 11

MADONNA HOUSE BENEFIT SHOP

Proceeds for the poor of the Lower East Side.

Queensboro Bridge Market

59th St. & First Ave. **Eldorado 5-4794**

WE NEED:

Clothing **Furniture** **House Furnishings**

We will call for anything you will give. Contributions of money will greatly help our work here among God's poor.

MADONNA HOUSE

169-175 Cherry Street **New York City 2**

LAVAL UNIVERSITY

Quebec, Capital of French Canada

SUMMER SESSION: June 27-August 2, 1946

Autumn Session Opens September 10th

DEPARTMENT OF FRENCH: Special section for English-speaking students, beginners and undergraduates. Graduate courses for M.A. and Ph.D. degrees in French.

SCHOLASTIC THEOLOGY: Summer courses given by the Graduate School of Theology. Courses based upon the Summa of St. Thomas and the Commentaries of John of St. Thomas.

SCHOOL OF PHILOSOPHY: Courses covering all branches of scholastic philosophy, philosophy of sciences and social philosophy, leading to the degrees of Ph.L. (Courses given in English).

Other courses: Education, English, Spanish, Portugese, Gregorian Chant. The staff will include visting professors from France, Canada, United States and Central America. Write for booklet to: Secretariat des cours d'ete, Universite Laval, Quebec, Canada.

nounced with all the verve of an artist, which he had inherited from his talented father, the superstitious respect which some people have for "commandments" which reflect neither the will of God nor frequently even the will of the people, but are simple, contingent texts issuing now and then from the tyranny of a bureaucrat or the distracted vote of an all-night legislative session. To require automatic adherence of the conscience to such legal emanations is to impinge upon man's liberty, the inestimable gift of the Gospel. In 1924, then, Father Riquet pointed out the frightful danger of totalitarian régimes of the Hitler type which would enslave and crush the human person before putting the universe to the torch.

After this Father Riquet devoted himself to the spiritual and moral formation of medical students. He served as head of the Laennec Conference and founded a similar one for women students. He spent his vacations at the international meetings of the students of Pax Romana. In these difficult daily tasks, obscure and terribly work-a-day, this brilliant writer disclosed himself to be a great organizer, a persistent and inspiring leader.

He continued this work after June, 1940, and began a methodical struggle against the oppressor as well. His Lenten sermons at Saint Severin in 1941 manifested extraordinary courage. He also engaged in the dissemination of underground newspapers, assured the success of secret informational networks, set up means of escape for Allied flyers and above all, with the help of Dr. Milliez and young doctors and internes of Paris hospitals, organized throughout the medical and social services of the Resistance.

He was arrested by the Gestapo January 18, 1944. For eight months he was imprisoned at Mauthausen, and at Dachau for seven more. At the request of his fellow-captive, the bishop of Clermont, he gave a series of Lenten sermons for the priest-prisoners of many nations. On Good Friday, 1944, Father Riquet found himself naked in a cattle car, pressed against 125 of his fellow-countrymen who, without water and without air, were filling the confined space with their groans. At three o'clock he said a few words and asked them to say an Our Father and a Hail Mary, with a minute of prayer in memory of Him Who as naked as they were, in agony and devoured with thirst, had offered His life to bring to men, his brothers, the divine gift of liberty. Father Riquet later preached on this selfsame theme at an open-air Mass held in Paris, in memory of 150,000 deportees, still wearing his striped prisoner's garb.

CHARLES PICHON.

CONTRIBUTORS

Hensley C. WOODBRIDGE recently returned from Mexico, where he was representative of the (Protestant) Worldover Press. He is now at Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass.

Rev. Jean C. de MENASCE, after spending the war years in this country, principally in Washington, D. C., is now back in Rome, where his family remained throughout the war.

Anne FREMANTLE, editor of the "Wynne Diaries," at present lives in New York, N. Y.

Cuthbert WRIGHT is teaching at Assumption College, Worcester, Mass.

E. L. KEYES, M.D., a distinguished surgeon in his own right, was one of the founders of THE COMMONWEAL.

E. V. R. WYATT is the drama critic of the *Catholic World*.

Charles PICHON sends us his brief notes on Father Riquet from France.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Educational Directory

MUSIC SCHOOL

PIUS X SCHOOL OF LITURGICAL MUSIC

Manhattanville College of the Sacred Heart, 133rd Street and Convent Avenue, New York 27, N. Y. Courses offered: Gregorian Chant—Gregorian Accompaniment—Choir Conducting—Liturgical Singing — Polyphony — Choral Class—School Music—Theory —Harmony—Counterpoint—and other branches of music. Lessons in Organ —Piano—Violin—Voice. Telephone: EDgecombe 4-1500.

SCHOOL OF NURSING

COLLEGE OF MT. ST. VINCENT SCHOOL OF NURSING

Conducted in cooperation with St. Vincent's Hospital, New York City. Offers courses leading to Diploma of Nursing and Bachelor of Science Degree with a major in Nursing. Write for Bulletin L to Director of Nursing. College of Mount Saint Vincent, Mt St. Vincent-on-Hudson, New York 63, N. Y.

BUYERS DIRECTORY

BOOKS

★ *Books: Used, Old, Rare.*
For Librarians, Collectors, Readers.
Huge Stock. Reasonably Priced.
Catalogs Free. Browsers Invited.
Want Lists Solicited. Libraries Purchased.
DAUBER & PINE BOOKSHOPS, INC.
66 Fifth Avenue, New York 11, N. Y.

★ We buy and sell used and out-of-print Catholic books. *Write for list.* AQUIN BOOK SHOP (formerly N. Y. C.), Emmitsburg, Maryland.

★ I will search for out-of-print books you want but can't locate. Catholic books a specialty. EDNA M. WALTER, 436 Columbus Ave., Boston 16, Mass.

★ New—Used—Out of Print—Hard to Find Books. Send Your Want List (Free hunting service). THE ST. CHARLES BOOKSHOP, Dept. M, Box 12, Fordham Station, N. Y. 58.

HOTEL

★ COPLEY PLAZA HOTEL
Boston 16, Mass.
2 minutes from Back Bay R. R. Station

IRISH BOOKS AND GIFTS

★ Books Linens, Gifts. *Catalogs.*
IRISH INDUSTRIES DEPOT, Inc.
876 Lexington Ave. (near 65th), New York.

LANGUAGES

★ Dictionaries and Grammars for 115 Languages. *Catalog free.* SCHOENHOF'S Dept. CW, Harvard Square, Cambridge 38, Mass.

COLLEGES—WOMEN—DIST. OF COL.

TRINITY COLLEGE

Washington 17, D. C. An Accredited Catholic Institution for the Higher Education of Women. Beautifully located in the immediate vicinity of the Catholic University. Incorporated under the laws of the District of Columbia and empowered by Act of Congress to confer degrees. Conducted by the Sisters of Notre Dame of Namur. For particulars, address the Registrar of the College.

MARYLAND

COLLEGE OF NOTRE DAME OF MARYLAND

North Charles St., Baltimore, Maryland. An Accredited Catholic Institution for the Higher Education of Women. Conducted by the School Sisters of Notre Dame. Exceptional Advantages. For information address the Registrar.

PENNSYLVANIA

ROSEMONT COLLEGE

Rosemont, Pa. A Catholic College for Women conducted by the Religious of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus Accredited by the Association of American Universities. Situated on the Main Line of the Pennsylvania Railroad. Eleven miles from Philadelphia. Address the Registrar for information. Telephone Bryn Mawr 4514.

INDIANA

SAINT MARY'S COLLEGE NOTRE DAME

Holy Cross, Indiana. Conducted by Sisters of the Holy Cross. Fully accredited Liberal Arts College for Women. Courses leading to degrees of Bachelor of Arts, Bachelor of Music, Bachelor of Science. Academic and professional courses in Nursing. Graduate Department of Sacred Theology. Address: Box 71, Saint Mary's College, Holy Cross, Ind. Railroad station, South Bend, Ind.

Camps

GIRLS—WISCONSIN

CAMP WE-HA-KEE

Marinette, Wisconsin. On Green Bay. Conducted by Dominican Sisters, Sinsinawa, Wisconsin. 1946 season June 26-August 21, $250. For information write Sister David O'Leary, 192 Ridge Avenue, Winnetka, Illinois.

ILLINOIS

CAMP CAHOKIA

At Lake Villa, Illinois. Owned and operated by the Catholic Daughters of America Camp Corp. A Catholic Summer Camp for Girls, Ages 7-16. Season: June 28-August 21. Camp fees: Season $125, Half Season $65. Write to Miss Florence A. Mitchelson, Director, 7144 Jeffery Avenue, Chicago 49, Illinois.

CATHOLIC CAMPS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE COMMONWEAL'S Catholic Camp file includes approved, modern camps offering practically all facilities. We will be glad to recommend appropriate camps and have their literature sent to readers interested. For information return this coupon.

THE COMMONWEAL,
386 Fourth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

Please recommend a suitable camp(s)

for a boy(s) age(s).....

a girl(s) age(s).....

for period.....to.....

Rate(s) sought for whole period.....

.....

Name .....

Street .....

City 419

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Next Week . . .

Special Education Number

EDUCATION FOR THE GOOD LIFE, by Jacques Maritain, deals with the effects of the positivist, empiricist, agnostic and pragmatist philosophies which dominated education in the pre-war years. It is an appeal to base education for the sake of the human person and human society on "what man is and what dignity and primacy truth, the intellect and the creative powers of the human soul possess and claim by nature." (The first of three related articles by Jacques Maritain).

VETERANS ON THE CAMPUS, by Edward Skillin, Jr., is an illustrated series of impressions of the effect in the classroom and in the life of the college of the return of so many veterans. It is a study of college life made grimmer by crowding, strained educational facilities and the veteran's determination to earn his degree in the shortest possible time. Few veterans seem to be disporting themselves at the taxpayer's expense.

THE HUMANITIES IN HAITI, by Louis J. A. Mercier, deals with the educational situation in the one Negro republic in the Western Hemisphere. It is a country where most of the inhabitants own a patch of land, live in thatched huts, are prey to tropical diseases and are largely illiterate. Professor Mercier's article tells of the brave efforts of Church and State to meet a dire need.

Also editorial comments of the week, book, stage and screen reviews.

The attached coupon saves you nearly 40 percent of the single copy price.

FOR NEW SUBSCRIBERS
SPECIAL OFFER

THE COMMONWEAL, 386 Fourth Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

Enclosed is $1. Please send the next 11 issues to:

NAME .....

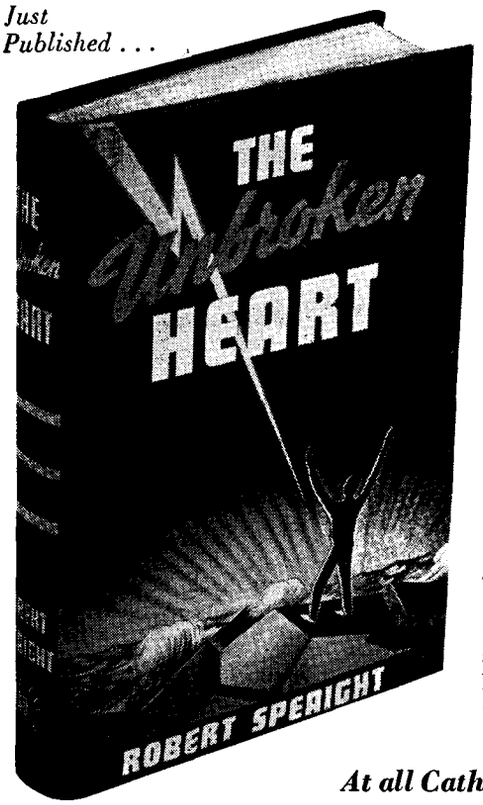
STREET .....

CITY .....

4/19/46

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Just Published . . .



ROBERT SPEAIGHT

— his latest novel —

The Unbroken Heart

Advance Reviews

"Mr. Speaight's sacramental view of life touches everything to a beauty . . . unearthly were it not, in essence, the beauty of ransomed earth."
—The London Times.

"A delight to read . . . its style has exceptional purity and clearness."
—Frank Swinnerton.

The story of Desmond O'Brien, desperately fighting the aggressions of his sadistic guardian-aunt, who resents even his very birth. Devoted, forgiving friends do their utmost to help him. Rhoda's tragic death, as well as the posthumous battle-diary of the superb Fergus, his father, (whom he has never met), become the crisis of his life. . . .

***At all Catholic Dealers.* $2.50**

THE BASILIAN PRESS, 121 E. Boston Blvd., Detroit 2, Mich.

"one of the ablest poets writing in English today."
The New York Times.

E. J. PRATT'S
'best'
BREBEUF and His Brethren
$1.25

for

Apologetics—
High School
CATHOLICISM

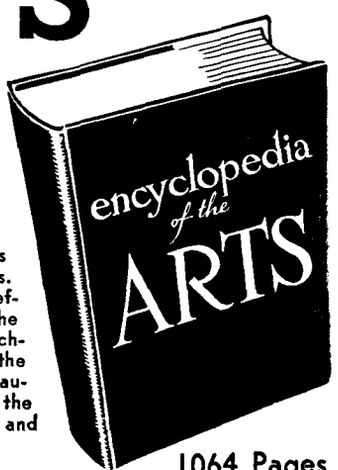
"A Reasonable Service"
by Rev. J. C. Wurzer,
Ph.L., S.T.B., M.A.

Send for Sample Copy

The Complete Cathechism Series
by Rev. M. V. Kelly

Encyclopedia of the ARTS

Edited by
Dagobert D. Runes
and
Harry G. Schrickel



"THIS is a comprehensive survey of ***all*** the arts of ***all*** times and ***all*** places. It is at once a thorough reference book, a history of the arts and a handbook of techniques and materials in the arts. Written by leading authorities for all lovers of the arts—professionals, students and laymen."—***Design.***

"Invaluable for art education."
—***Art Education Bulletin.***

1064 Pages
Boxed, $10

"A vast amount of information is packed into a single volume . . . sound, well written and freshly up-to-date."—***Edward Alden Jewell, Art Editor, New York Times.***

LIMITED EDITION ***Order from your Bookseller or from***

PHILOSOPHICAL LIBRARY, *Publishers*
15 E. 40th St., Dept. 18 New York 16, N. Y.

"An enormous task, triumphantly accomplished."
—CHICAGO SUN

LIGHT FROM THE ANCIENT PAST

By JACK FINEGAN, Iowa State College

HERE IS the archeological background of the Hebrew and Christian religions. A monumental work which traces the sources of the Bible and of early Christianity through 5,000 years, following the steps of the Patriarchs, Prophets, and Apostles from the first Mesopotamian civilizations to 500 A.D. "A rare accomplishment . . . admirably written, superbly illustrated." —*N. Y. Herald Tribune.*

534 pages of text, 204 illustrations in 112 pages.

At your bookstore, $5.00
PRINCETON
University Press

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BETTER METHODS AT EACH EDUCATIONAL LEVEL

Guides to Parents No Less Than to Educators

MY COUNTRY SCHOOL DIARY

An Adventure in Creative Teaching

by Julia Weber

A book for all who are interested in the revival of sound country life in America. An absorbing, human account of how a one-room-school teacher gave vitality and creative power to her teaching and transformed her school for the benefit of the community. $3.00

HIGH SCHOOLS FOR TOMORROW

by Dan Stiles

American high schools are the hot spot of educational criticism. Why? What can be done? A former high school teacher and travelogue lecturer in 1,000 schools in 30 states here proposes a high school program that will better fit young people for adulthood and citizenship. He describes such successful programs in use today that testify to his predictions for tomorrow's high schools. $2.50

THE NEW AMERICAN COLLEGE

The Four-Year Junior College

by John A. Sexson, Superintendent of Schools, Pasadena, California; and **John W. Harbeson,** Principal, Pasadena Junior College

This is the first full record of the growing movement to rearrange the timing of education between high school and college. Here fully described is the experience with the four-year junior college, grades 11 to 14 inclusive, organized and administered as a single institution, as developed in Pasadena over the last twenty years. $3.50

Coming in May

INTEGRATING HIGH SCHOOL AND COLLEGE

The Six-Four-Four Plan at Work

by Leonard V. Koos

Professor of Education, University of Chicago

This book covers in a comprehensive way, embracing scores of local education systems, the same kind of review and appraisal which "The New American College" covers in respect to Pasadena, California. It compiles the opinions of administrators, instructors and students who have worked under the 6-4-4 plan and thus supplies a total evaluation of this movement. $3.00

At your bookstore or on approval from

HARPER & BROS. 49 East 33rd Street, New York 16, N. Y.

PANTHEON BOOKS

Permanent books in attractive format

THE SOUL AFIRE

An Anthology of the Mystics
edited by H. A. Reinhold

Orate Fratres: "Without doubt the most attractive and instructive anthology of mystical texts in English."

Catholic World: "The best book of its kind in English." $3.50

GOD SPEAKS

Religious poetry by

Charles Péguy

Rev. H. C. Gardiner, America: "Unique . . . most lovely and truly profound religious poems. You will, and I say it in all reverence, hear God speaking." $1.50

Bi-lingual Pantheon Books, ideal for classroom use:

Charles Péguy

BASIC VERITIES

*

MEN AND SAINTS

Prose and Poetry, original French text on facing pages. Each volume $2.75

Paul Claudel

CORONAL

Poetry. Original French text on facing pages. $2.75

Pantheon Books, Inc.

41 Washington Square, New York 12, N. Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED